

COLLEGE CHEER.

"WE KNOCK TO BOOST."

VOL. IX.

ST. JOSEPH COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY APRIL 4, 1917.

No. 11

STATE K. OF C. DEPUTY TO SPEAK AT COLLEGE

Mr. James M. Walsh, Lawyer and Indiana K. of C. State Deputy Will Deliver Address in St. Joseph College Auditorium on April 22.

A large attendance of students and visitors is expected to hear James Walsh, state K. of C. deputy, deliver his address in the local auditorium on April 22. Owing to the fact that many of the students and no doubt some Rensselaer men will be initiated into the Knights of Columbus on May 20. It was decided to have Mr. Walsh speak to the students on the work and nature of the K. of C. society.

Mr. Walsh is a well-known and excellent speaker and can be expected to please all who come to hear him, whether they are directly interested in the K. of C. or not. All who can possibly do so are cordially invited to visit the college on this occasion.

What are you going to do?

I'm going to join the K. of C's.

WHAT BLACKHEADS AND REDHEADS HAVE TO DO WITH SCIENCE

We hear it often said that science is progressing. Indeed science is progressing, but why is it so? Not because it is disclosing so many new facts but because the knowledge of the people is not keeping pace with the many theories of the scientists. They write a stack of books, nobody knows about what, for people have not the time and ambition to follow their many preposterous vociferations.

Why is it that a certain class of scientists persist in drawing their theories from the heavens and imposing them upon the people? I will tell you. I think you ought to know. It is because the people cannot climb up there to investigate. I suppose you have already noticed that since the invention of aeroplanes the scientists, who delight to dwell in mind in the aetherial heavens, are beginning to fear that their line might be discovered and are therefore closing up somewhat.

We have been told by these vociferists that the earth gets its light from the sun. I have made a thorough investigation of these would-be theories and find them to be as saturated by imagination as any of those airy facts we were told to believe.

Why would the earth have to borrow from the sun? Are we not an independent people? Would we stand for this? Emphatically no. Why have we our blackheads and redheads? Listen, I will tell you. They are to give us night

and day. I have taken my observations from solid ground. I will not ask you to go with me into that vast space, where we cannot go, to make observations. I am not a scientist or astronomer. Don't believe it. Now, back to my theory. Blackheads and redheads send their illuminating rays through the atmosphere. There is a constant battle between the different rays for supremacy. This is all in keeping with human nature, for are men not always fighting for supremacy?

As these rays are conquered either by the black or red, we have night or day. The blackheads and redheads are very proud by nature and as soon as either of them have become victorious their pride asserts itself. We all know that pride tends toward cowardice, so the conquered rays, their pride having been subdued, are able to overcome the proud victors. Thus night and day constantly alternate.

I suppose if you could speak to me you would wish me to "exponderate" upon many questions, as for instance: Are there not many more blackheads than redheads? Why would not the light be totally red in the daytime and total darkness at night?

As for the former, redheads are more active than the blackheads and their rays are more active than the blackheads and their rays are more penetrating. Nature has provided for this by making one army larger than the other. As for the latter question, did you never see those blondes running about. They have no opponents, but constantly diffuse the darkness or red rays giving us a medium darkness at night and white light by day.

I hope you will never allow yourself to be deceived by these scientists again after I have proved to you that these aetherial facts are only such while under the influence of the god of sleep. I have shown you the use of blackheads and redheads, and expect to explode from my superabundant store of knowledge many more wonders to the world.

Are you?

Yes, are you?

Yes, is he?

Yes, so are his and my friends.

What? ?

Going to join the K. of C's.

The graduating class of '17 met Sunday, March 25, to elect officers. Mr. Leo Beck was chosen president and Mr. Daniel Hayden, secretary. The motto of the class is "Nil nisi cruce."

ATHLETIC NOTES.

COURTS AND DIAMOND

During the past two weeks much hard work has been put in getting the baseball diamond and tennis courts in condition. Load after load of clay has been hauled and scattered on the diamond and courts until now the low places, which were such a nuisance, have been eliminated.

Much praise should be given the different managers for their good work done. Also the many students who are always ready to lend a hand. However, the fellows who are always too busy doing something else when asked to help, deserve nothing but the contempt of all students who have the betterment of St. Joe athletics at heart. Let the managers remember such fellows and also be too busy to give them racketts, balls, gloves, etc., when requested.

What can we do to make a success of ourselves?

Join the K. C's.

THE LIES OF THE LOST MINSTREL

From Tables One and Two
In days of old when Knights were bold,
King Arthur and his crew
Told tales renowned at the table round,
And "chestnuts" glibby flew.

In days of new, a modern crew
Yclept the Circ. of Culture,
At tables round repeats the sound
Of chestnuts that revolt you.

The stories accruin', about John Patrick Bruin,
Deserve especial attention
For Deutsch is shy and cannot deny,
The "bull" of Beck's condescension.

Now King Arthur, the knight, was frequently
tight
And in chivalry rivaled Hermiller,
But he never could, and he never would
Be as close as Gregory Miller.

Lie on Fogarty, and curst be he
Who first cries "Hold, enough!"
It is said to his glory he knows but one story,
But that one is awfully tough.

An early riser, a good advertiser,
Is Hughes Valentine Striff,
He cuts a few capers with his large skybing
papers,
Which make his pockets look stiff.

Antony, the wrestler, likewise a grim gester
You would never suspect had been frisky,
He smilingly basks when Tompkins asks,
"Are you still conversing 'bout whisky?"

A very bad winner, he gave a good dinner,
However he managed to dare it,
To back his friend Hughes, and it gave him the
blues,

But he had to grin and Barrett.

Now James Harold Stewart is a gay old flirt
And struts like a peacock game,
His methods are nifty, for he splits fifty-fifty
In signing the editor's name.

This chapter begins with the "Gold Dust Twins,"
Who will graduate in June,
Distinguished are they, as The Cheer would say,
As Koenig and Johnnie A. Kuhn.

When the circle was broken, deserves a token,
For Horace who rests 'neath the shadow,
We will drink to his ghost in a brimming toast,
Of his favorite Louis DeJaco.

As Goeckeler grows stale within the big pale
And VonderHaegan is very much blunt,
Lause seeks a victim on which to inflict 'em
And the latest are McLaughlin and Hunt.

Now if you won't blow it, the name of the poet
Is a person the students call "Shark,"
That is one who can write but needn't be right,
And if he is wrong, keep it dark. --NUTZ.

(Editor's note—In censoring the above epic we would have cut out most of the references made, but we feel that in considering the author those referred to will not take offense.)

Who are we?

Why K. of C. applicants.

A FAMILIAR VOICE

Kanspadokin! Some splendiferous spring morning, eh bo? O raptures and blisses, sweet nothings and kisses, O joy! The birds and the bees and the chewing gum trees; the notes from the gilgaloo birds! Yea dido! Ah, the exhilarating rays of the sun piercing the azurian realms, and melting the dewy nectar of Venus, concealed in the pandemonious recesses of mother earth. O, how exuberant it is to abound in factitious ideas and phantasms. See here, Johnny, you're getting too colsarved phantasmagorical. Gimme a chaw!
—KELLER.

ST. JOSEPH COLLEGE GIVES WEEK'S VACATION TO STUDENTS

Much commotion and a joyful spirit pervades the atmosphere in the neighborhood of St. Joe. The students will soon leave on their Easter vacation, and, as usual, the thought of going home fills them with much exuberance. Vacation commences at 9:30 a. m. Tuesday. They will return to college a week from tomorrow. The Cheer staff desires to extend to them all best wishes for a sane and pleasant vacation.

What's the time?

May 20.

AN ARKANSAS ADVENTURE

As he was transferring cars at Little Rock two men robbed him, getting nothing.

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EDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,
Collegeville, Indiana.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1917.

EDITORIALS.

What'll we do?
Join the K. C's.

* * * *

JOIN THE ARMY

When we think of the man who spends his life in combating the evil of the world, in repudiating the slurs and slanders hurled by unbelievers at religion, in aiding struggling mankind by setting an example of what a sincere, a pure and holy Christian life should be, when we think of such a man, we inevitably think of the Catholic priest. He it is who Christ-like lives only for the betterment and welfare of his fellowmen, suffering everything for the salvation of his brethren and daily offering untold sacrifices on the altar of his faith, out of love for God and of His creatures. Indeed, his is a noble life and one that commands the admiration and respect of Catholic and pagan alike. Yes, a wonderful life, but a life fraught with innumerable disappointments and reverses.

But you say must the priest continue this uneven battle without any assistance from his faithful? Surely not; the Catholic laymen have ever responded to his call for support, accomplishing by their efforts untold good in promoting the doctrines and welfare of Catholicism. In order to perfect their admirable work the laymen have banded together forming societies of different name and order. Of these, none at present, by their concerted efforts, is doing farther reaching or more noteworthy labor than our Catholic Knights of Columbus. In recent years their number has grandly increased and at present they cannot but help to impress us in an extremely favorable manner. What they have done and are doing is felt from one end of the continent to the other, justly meriting the many commendations bestowed on them by the Catholic clergy. Some short time ago the attention of one of the K. of C. branches was called to Collegeville. Here are to be found many promising young men eligible to membership in their ranks, who will soon go forth into the world to assume leading places among their fellowmen. If they are good Catholic young men they can accomplish much by their example, if they are not, they will, owing to their conspicuousness, be a detriment to society. But we can safely presume that they are well-principled young men and will consequently be a service and not a stumbling block

to others. Yet how much more, we are tempted to say infinitely more, good they can effect were they to go forth armed with the sturdy, staunch and beautiful K. of C. spirit.

Realizing all this the Lafayette council has given the students of St. Joseph college an opportunity to be received into their society on May 20. This is a chance that no student, who can possibly accept it, should let slip by. If without well-grounded reasons you fail to avail yourself of this offer, beyond all doubt, you will later deeply regret your action. Membership in the K. of C's. establishes your good character and places you at once on a friendly and co-operative basis with thousands of influential Catholic men in every walk of life. Indeed, the Knights of Columbus hold forth manifold advantages and inducements too numerous for mention to the prospective applicant for membership.

Lately our attention is frequently called to our country's needs by all our leading newspapers and periodicals who have adopted the slogan, "Join the Army." Here is a chance to serve not only the nation but also your religion and your God by joining the ranks of this vast army of Catholic soldiers, the Knights of Columbus. We cannot too strongly urge you to do all in your power to make it possible for you to seize this opportunity for enrollment. Consider well before giving your decision and we feel sure that you, too, will JOIN THE K. OF C. ARMY.

* * * *

Why are you going home Easter?
To get permission to join the K. of C's.

* * * *

EASTER THOUGHTS AND GREETINGS

Soon the season of Lent will reach its end, culminating in one of the most beautiful and significant feast days of the year, Easter Sunday. During the last week of Lent we shall follow in humble and sorrowful spirit the passion and death of Christ, only to be exalted with joy again on Easter day. When our Saviour rose gloriously from the dead, bringing with Himself consolation, joy and salvation to the world. Indeed this is the most inspiring time in the whole ecclesiastical year, a time in which more graces and more merits may be obtained than at any other. The church celebrates with proper ceremonies this season, with ceremonies that are full of meaning, impressive and faith-strengthening. Let us then, as Catholic students, enter upon Holy week with fit devotion and sincerity. If we do, then surely on Easter Sunday our newly risen Lord will bless us benignly and grant what favors we need.

The Cheer staff extends to all its readers heartiest best Easter wishes.

What's the big excitement?
K. of C. initiation.

NOT FOR HIM

Professor Drinkwater—Don't you know that coffee is better than whisky for a man exposed as you are?

Night Watchman—Nonsense! If I drank a cup of coffee I wouldn't be able to sleep all night.

What are most of the graduates?
K. of C. applicants.

JOY-KILLERS

A perpetual tobacco "bummer" happened to spy a Prince Albert can in his path as he was walking to the club one afternoon not very long ago. He stopped to pick up the can, but found it to be empty. However, that did not trouble him much for he thought he would be sure to find at least two club members in the club who always had tobacco, so he could bum from them. Carelessly he flung the can to one side but as he did so he imagined he heard somebody speak with a sneery tone: "Aren't you finished with me yet? Have I no owner? This is not the first time you have had me in your hands. Nor are you the only one. I have been mercilessly drained in one day by twenty or more hands. I once thought I had a guardian, as a generous young man smilingly helped himself to my treasury (which I gladly allow if done with moderation) and then carefully tucked me away into a snug pocket close to the ribs. But hardly had I closed my eyes when I was again produced. Reluctantly I left my would-be master, but scarcely had he let go of me when my entrails were torn at as if by ravaging dogs. I was swung about in a circle so fast that I lost track of my master, whom, I have reasons to believe, once cherished me. From that time on I was not allowed any more rest. Once being scented, the merciless crowd hounded me until my life's blood was drained. I do remember of having been touched several times by tender hands as if those of a guardian, being gently but hastily caressed and then put away to my wished-for secret lodging place. But hardly had my master drawn a long sigh when he again produced me. Whether he would have it so, I do not know. I was at his mercy and mercy-wanting crowd until I was angrily thrown upon these sands."

The "bummer" tried to arouse himself. What was this? Had this tin can spoken to him? No, it could not be, it must be his guilty conscience asserting itself.

"Come to think about it, I never considered seriously what an impression this continual tobacco 'bumming' must be making upon my fellow club members. I am really taking half the joy out of their smoking hours by continually robbing them of their tobacco. It seems they do not like to refuse us 'bummers,' but yet they cannot afford to buy a can of 'smoking' every day. Nor do they wish to 'bum.' They would rather go without a 'hale.' Of course, there really is no one to 'bum' from when these regular buyers are out of the 'makings.' Coming to think about it, we are taking advantage of

(Continued on Page Five)

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JOY-KILLERS
 (Continued from page four)

their generosity. They owe no obligation to us in the line of furnishing us with 'smoking,' but we owe them justice.

"I believe this 'bumming' is having an evil effect on the constitution of my class. I notice it is taking that frank sparkle out of our eyes which each student ought to possess. Personally I am scarcely able to look a club member straight in the eyes when in the club. Of course, I do not believe that he wishes me to either, fearing that I might want some tobacco.

"Let me see now! I don't believe the candy company would mind if I would abstain from candy once a week and then buy a can of 'smoking' every two weeks or so. I will make it my primary aim to always have enough money saved up to supply my 'smoking.' It is not right that I should 'bum' that which I am able to 'bum' and buy which I cannot 'bum.'

"No! I will sacrifice that which I cannot 'bum' and buy which I can but ought not to 'bum.'

"I wish everybody in the 'bummer's' class would have the good fortune to learn to know themselves in this line as I have today. How much more pleasant it would be in the club. I for one am out from this day. Fear my approach no more, oh generous buyers."

Are you lonesome?

No, my friends are joining the K. of C's. with me.

NOTHING LARGER THAN A V

"Since mathematics was invented by the early Phoenicians," began the boarder with the fund of useless information, "X has represented the unknown quantity."

"Well, it is unknown to me, all right," stated the fellow with the sliding scalp, as he tried to catch the eye of the girl across the table. "I haven't had a whole one this winter."

HOW IT STRUCK THE BOY

A Philadelphia divine was entertaining a couple of clergymen from New York at dinner. The guests spoke in praise of a sermon their host had delivered the Sunday before.

The host's son was at the table and one of the New York clergymen said to him:

"My lad, what did you think of your father's sermon?"

"I guess it was very good," said the boy, "but there were three mighty fine places where he could have stopped."

Are you a booster?

Boost the K. of C. initiation.

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Did you hear about it?

What?

Why, May 20.

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"THE BEST"

What's the biggest day in the year outside of Christmas?
May 20.

LOSING PETE'S GOAT

The Irish people as a race have just one good quality. They keep cool and self-possessed under the most trying circumstances. This indeed is a fine asset and one which the Irishman as an individual should cherish and cultivate because if he loses it the Irish, getting the best of him, converts him from a peaceful, loving neighbor into Hades itself.

Now, if you have ever watched Pete Fogarty play hand-ball and observe his antics after losing about two or three games straight you will find the above statement amply verified. We all agree that Pete is the best hearted Irishman in Collegeville, susceptible of much humor, toward the light side of life and a jolly good companion; but after playing and losing a number of hand-ball games Pete's goat has lost itself also and the epithets that he hurls at his partner, a Dutchman, by the way, clearly demonstrates that Pete is completely minus his goat. In a rage of unbridled Irish wit and sarcasm he places the blame for losing the games on the "bone-head" and storms off the floor, threatening the most rash and violent deeds.

Pete, however, is a very graceful hand-ball player when it comes to kicking the ball after the second bounce, which is legal according to Barrett's regulations. But Pete has another very clever move. It consists in returning a serve to your left hand by an indescribable twist of the right. This play has been named "Fogarty's special" by the hand-ball committee. Experts, however, like Barrett and Vonderhaegen, have pronounced it a failure ninety-nine out of 100 times. They rule it works only by way of accident.

Whenever Pete performs these feats it provokes great laughter, his countenance becomes threatening, his Irish begins to boil and his goat takes its flight netherward, leaving Pete fearfully wonderful to behold. Question—What is the correct appellation of an Irishman having lost his goat?

What are you thinking about?
May 20.

A LOYAL KID

Father—What did the teacher say when she heard you swear?

Tommy—She asked me where I learned it.

Father—What did you tell her?

Tommy—I didn't want to give you away, pa, so I blamed it on the parrot.

Who is he?

He's a K. of C. applicant.

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ST. XAVIER NEWS

By Andrew Brunswick.

WORK AND PLAY

The third of the quarterly exams for the year 1916-17 has made its hit, says the "Sport," the Easter holidays are at bat, commencement is on deck and vacation is patiently waiting in the hole. With such prospects the St. X. boys live in high spirits for the future. The setting in of fine spring weather and the opening of sports in addition to the above seem to have taken off the lid and all is wild with delight. St. X. has, for many years past, not received spring and its accompanying difficulties as well as pleasures with a welcome more sincere and hearty than they have done the present one. Everybody is up and doing. If he's not actually taking part in baseball, tennis or horseshoe, he is, at least, present as a spectator and a loyal "rooter" for both sides. Semi-official report has it that even Leo Mutter and Herman Boehman have been influenced and thrilled to such an extent by the prevailing spirit as actually to have handed in their names for joining the ranks of our tennis players. Many similar examples could be added. This is what we call "boosting" the spirit, fellows. Nothing is more commendable. Let's keep it up and see whether we will ever regret it.

SPARKER

I play—
All day.
I eat,
I sleep.
All work
I shirk.
'Tis best
To rest,
I seem
To dream—
So
A light,
Goodnight.

(And Macbeth raved on!)

A SPRING MORNING

The sun o'er the hilltops is shedding his rays,
On tree, bush and flower, which send forth his praise.

The heat from his furnace is melting the dew!
The sprouting, gay flowers he strengthens anew.

The blossoms are op'ning, their sweetness to fill

The fresh and reviving soft spring breeze so still,

The flowers encumbered in colors so sweet,
All praise to fair Nature their beauty repeat.

O Nature, how fresh is thy robe in the spring
When naught but gay songsters their jubilee sing,

And making engrossed at their fittest design
To Him, the Creator, all praise they assign.

It pays to advertise in The Cheer.

"Eat on, thou hungry crowd of rascals, eat."

Three hundred mouths are moving, not in vain,
Cooks put the food on tables—their retreat

Sounds with the bell; upon the snowy plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain,

A shadow of the ration, save the bone
When for a moment like a drop of rain,

Food sinks into thy depth with bubbly groan,
As to a grave, unkneeling, uncoffined, unknown.

Thy board looks plenty, cooked and all for thee,
Fried spuds, cake, meat, belly-wash, what are they

Thy eyes rejoiced in them while they were free.
As many a one before and they obey.

The fork, the knife, or small spoon, while thy thirst.

Has dried up realms of oceans and kept thee
With strength unto the last of daily west.

Time writes no wrinkles on thy peaceful brow.
While there's enough to eat, then knowest how.

A DUTCHMAN AND HIS DOG

You vas only a dog but I vish I vas you,....
when you got mit your bed in you shust turn
round dree dimes and lay down: ven I got mit
de bed in I haf to lock up de blace and wind up
de clock, und put de cat out, und ondress me-
self, und me frau vakes up and scolds, den de
baby vakes up and cries und I haf to valk him
mit he house round, den maybe ven I gets me-
self to bed it is dime to git up again.

Ven you git up you shust stretch yourself, dig
your neck a leedle und you vas up,....I haf to
light de fire, put on a kiddie, scrap some mit me
vife and git meself breakfast. You play around
all day und git blenty of fun. I haf to work all
day und haf blendy of trouble. Ven you die you
vas dead; when I die I haf to go to heil maybe.

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FOR IDLE MOMENTS

Where's the fire?

At the K. of C. doings of May 20.

WOULD HAVE USE FOR THEM

"Want to get off again, do you?" roared the boss. "This will be the third time you've been off this week. What's the trouble now?"

"I want to get my eyes examined," sullenly replied the clerk.

"Well, get 'em carefully examined while you're about it. You'll be looking for work after Saturday night."

CRYPTIC LITERATURE

"Is your house insured against fire?"

"I don't know. I've just been reading over the insurance policy."

PORTER, THE STYPTIC

"Actions speak louder than words," said the new barber to the old customer.

"Yes, and I want to tell you, young man," said his victim, "that yours are saying some mighty cutting things."

Senior—"Why was he expelled?"

Junior—"Oh, for quite a pile of stuff."

TROUBLED HIM SOME

Uncle Si had paid a visit to Boston, and while there attended a swell dinner given by his nephew. His folks were greatly interested in hearing Uncle Si's city adventures, and especially wanted to know how he got along at the dinner.

"Weren't you troubled about the table ware, pa?" inquired his daughter Hepsy.

"Should say I was," answered Uncle Si. "It was scandalous."

What are most of the older students?
K. of C. applicants.

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